Descent Into Chaos

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33299041.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Jack Crawford, Bella Crawford
Additional Tags:	Getting Together, Dark Will Graham, First Kiss, Panic Attacks, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of 5927
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-16 Completed: 2021-09-03 Words: 8,130 Chapters: 5/5

Descent Into Chaos

by HowliteandRoses

Summary

By stepping foot into his homeland again Will has never been closer to achieve his dream. It has also awaken a need for vengeance in him. This, however, has to be planned carefully and Hannibal is there to help.

Notes

Welcome to part 2 of this series! I am challenging myself to include a lot more characters in this story and it's scary. I don't know how to write them. I just hope they will turn out alright. As always, thank you for reading!

The first chapter is pretty chill but starting next chapter Will starts noticing some changes in his moral compass and that's really fun to write.

Starting Anew

Jack Crawford was an intriguing man to say the least. Will walked out of the wagon by Hannibal's side and the two were welcomed straight away into the Crawford's house. Will didn't know the history between the two men, but they seemed to trust one another and have a mutual respect for each other. His wife Bella was sweet and caring and talked to him like a regular person when he introduced himself. Will couldn't help but wonder if the way Hannibal had dressed him up and asked to cut his hair before coming was the reason why they didn't seem to realize who or what he was. Yet again the prison didn't talk about the prisoners' real names, and he had been hiding all his life before being found by the city's police. Having introduced himself with a name instead of a number probably helped as well. However, Will was still on guard and quite tense as the four of them talked. Something didn't feel right but he didn't really know what. He observed Jack without saying anything for a little bit before following Hannibal to their new room. The first thing Will noticed was the queen bed in the middle of the small room. There wasn't any place to put another bed or blankets on the floor to sleep and Will frowned. Hannibal must have noticed since he placed a hand on Will's shoulder and smiled at him.

"It won't be for long. You can have the bed, I'll pull up a chair," he said before letting go and walking to the side of the room to place their bags.

"No, you can have the bed," Will said. He was the most important one of both of them after all. Hannibal should have the bed.

"I insist," he replied with a smile. "You are healing and need the rest. You deserve comfort, Will."

"Sleep with me then," Will said as he crossed his arms. He frowned as he noticed Hannibal's eyebrows raise slightly in surprise. His expression became unreadable in an instant and Will wondered why.

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"It's okay. I… I slept really well the other day," Will explained, "when you were holding me."

Hannibal's eyes showed warmth as he nodded with a small smile. Will reciprocated. The two walked downstairs to go eat with the Crawford family and they talked a bit more. Will ate in silence as he listened to the conversation until he was spoken to.

"Will, you don't look like the people from the north. Where are you from?" Jack asked.

"Um, I'm from a village not far from here. I'm… well," Will said as he looked at Hannibal. He couldn't say he was an ex-prisoner. He had no idea what to say.

"Will is a traveler, we met during one of his travels up north," Hannibal said happily, and Will smiled.

“Oh interesting! You must have seen so many places,” Bella asked afterward with a big smile. Will only nodded. “We visited a few villages Jack and I but never left the area too much.”

“Yes, we need to go from village to village when the city gives the order. It is nice to visit other places,” Jack added.

“What order?” Will asked his eyes narrowing.

“Oh, Jack is part of the police forces dispersed within the area. He goes to collect the ones in need in different villages. The city is nice enough to gives them a place to live so the villages doesn’t get too overpopulated, and they get a second chance,” Bella explained.

“You-”

“Will has known someone that was taken away. It’s kind of a touchy subject,” Hannibal intervened.

“Oh! But I assure you Will. They are well treated. It’s better than staying on the streets, I’m sure. Isn’t it Jack?”

“Of course, Bella,” Jack said and Will automatically saw the fake smile. He grimaced.

“It’s a nightmare. The prisoners are barely fed, they lose all of their rights, they lose their names… People die there,” Will explained raising his voice.

“What? No, Jack told me they are taken care of,” Bella responded.

“They are measures taken to protect the people, Bella. The villages are already overcrowded so it is a security procedure. We are protecting the villages from those criminals.”

“No, Jack this is wrong. They are not criminals,” she said, and it made Will calm down a slight bit. She really didn’t know. It made Will hate Jack Crawford even more. “Excuse us,” she said to Hannibal and Will, “we’re going to need to talk a little bit.”

“We’ve had a long day as well. We will retire to our room for the night. Thank you for this fantastic diner,” Hannibal said as he stood up motioning Will to come with him.

A thought went through Will’s head which sent a shiver down his spine. Hannibal had brought him here. To Jack Crawford. One who collected people and brought them to their death. Will was definitely in danger here. They needed to talk as well.

Walking inside their room Hannibal let Will enter first and closed the door behind him.

“I won’t let him hurt you, Will. I promise and I hope you can trust me,” he said quickly in a quiet voice.

“Are you sure you’re not going to just leave me here?” Will asked. “You don’t understand, Hannibal. I will not go back.”

“You won’t go back there. I was going to explain everything to you tonight, please. Let me explain.”

Will let out a shaky breath. “I want to trust you…” he said tears filling his eyes, “but you’re not making this easy.”

“I know. This is only temporary until I can get us a safe home, it won’t be in this village either. The council was coming with a search party, and we had to move. I need more time to contact the right people to get us a house and this is the only option we have right now. I will protect you. Nothing will happen to you. Jack has no way to know where you came from,” Hannibal whispered. “I promise you will not get hurt again.”

Will looked into his eyes and sniffed before nodding. “You covered for me at the table…”

“And I will continue to do so,” Hannibal added.

“Thank you…”

“I find myself caring way too much for you to let him get to you. No one will ever touch you again.”

At that, Will let a tear fall from his tired eyes and walked slowly to Hannibal. He stood in front waiting with his head low. The doctor placed his arms around him and held him tightly before placing his nose into Will’s curls. Will’s arms circled him slowly.

“Don’t lie to me… please,” he whispered weakly.

“Never,” Hannibal whispered in his ear.

“Ok…” Will mumbled. “I trust you.”

“I won’t betray your trust.”

The two pulled away before preparing for bed and laying down on the soft mattress. Will nuzzled into Hannibal’s side and let his hand rest above his night shirt covered chest. Hannibal held Will and let his head rest against him. They fell asleep fast and slept comfortably for the whole night. No nightmare. No murder fantasy. Nothing but peaceful rest.

Fantasies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The moon was high in the sky and not a single cloud was blocking the light. It was a beautiful night. Will had ate a very good and delicious meal and was now happily taking a walk with Hannibal by his side. The village was calm and peaceful. The younger man smiled as he whispered to the doctor.

“Are you ready?” he asked in a whisper as they kept walking.

“Of course,” Hannibal replied with a wide smile. “I can’t wait to see you work.”

Will nodded as he walked a little faster. He wanted to be sure to be there on time. Hannibal followed without making any noise. They crossed the village and arrived at the police station a few dozen minutes after just in time to see Jack Crawford walk out.

“Hello, Jack,” Will said as he walked to him. “We were just going home want to walk with us?”

“It is very nice out tonight. It wouldn’t hurt.”

Will walk next to him and made small talk to pass the time until Hannibal took a left. Distracted by Will’s talking Jack followed the two without protest but soon realized that he wasn’t going the right way back to the house. Will didn’t give him any time to react before pushing him against the alley wall and stabbing his knife into the side of his throat. He twisted the knife and placed his hand on Jack’s mouth as to prevent him from screaming. Hannibal stood behind him watching with a proud look in his eyes. Will pulled on the knife and let Jack fall to the ground. He looked down at him. The officer couldn’t speak, all he could do was try to stop the bleeding, but it was already too late. Will stood there watching the man bleed out and could only smile as he turned to Hannibal. The doctor walked close to him and took hold of his hands. He brought one to his mouth and kissed the knuckles before looking into Will’s ocean eyes.

“You are simply incredible,” Hannibal whispered.

XxX

The young curly haired man opened his eyes slowly as consciousness returned to him. He let out a sigh as he turned to look at the man sleeping next to him. It had been three days since they had arrived at the Crawfords’ house and the second time he had dream of killing Jack. The rational part of his brain was terrified of what he was becoming and of his new desires but the rest of him felt as if this was completely normal and was only a matter of time until it would have happen. His mind was different. He had the capacity for violence since very young and he knew it. Acting on it was never an option before and he hadn’t wanted it to be one but now… He felt as if it wouldn’t go away until he actually spilled blood if it even went

away afterward. He wondered if Hannibal had ever feel the same way. All he knew was that Jack would die. Would he be the first of the last, Will didn't know yet but he knew his fate was already decided. Will knew he needed a plan to take on the prison guards and destroy the castle first. Killing Jack would come after that then.

Watching Hannibal's chest rise with his breathing calmed his racing mind and he took a deep breath before moving closer, so his head was resting on top of him. He held onto Hannibal until the other woke up and smiled as he looked up to stare into his maroon eyes.

"Good morning," he said in a raspy voice that made Will shiver.

"Morning," Will replied.

"You look like you want to ask me something."

"If I wanted to kill… would you help me?" Will asked in a whisper.

"Are you certain?" Hannibal asked. "A few days ago, you were saying killing was wrong."

"I've started dreaming. Imagining outcomes that could happen and every time it's me killing them. The guards in the prison, the ones responsible for the enslavement of my people… Jack. I want them all dead. I want to kill them one by one like you did with your family's murderers... And I want you to watch."

Hannibal held Will tight against him. "Beautiful boy, how unpredictable you are," he said as he put his nose into Will's hair.

"Will you…?"

"It would be an honor."

Will smiled and held Hannibal tighter. They stayed into each other's arms for a long while before Will's stomach started growling. He laughed softly as he pulled away. It was time to start the day.

XxX

Over the next couple of days, Hannibal had been talking to a lot of different kind of people in the hope of finally finding a good house for Will and himself. After numerous attempts he had finally found the perfect home. A two-story house with a large backward, two bathrooms, three bedrooms and an enormous basement. It was simply perfect. Moving in was easy and furnishing every room except for the basement as well. For the basement, Hannibal would need Chiyoh's help and that would certainly alert the northern council. He did however need his equipment if Will wanted to successfully take his revenge. They needed to plan this very carefully for everything to go smoothly. But first, Hannibal knew Will would want to find his people and warn them of the danger and how to survive. He had explained that by going at night it would be easier to search without being detected. Will knew where people were hiding so it shouldn't be too hard to find them.

The first night in their new house was incredibly peaceful. Hannibal had cook them diner and they had eaten in the living room in front of the fireplace. Once their plates were empty Will had put everything on the side table and moved closer to nuzzle against Hannibal's side. The doctor had brought his arms around him and was slowly caressing his back. He felt Will move his head until it was laying almost on his shoulder his face into Hannibal's neck. Hannibal was happy he finally had Will's trust back and as he held him, he realized he hadn't felt like this in a long time. His hand moved to Will's forearm, and he brushes the healing scar there.

"Did the thought of doing it again ever crossed your mind?" Hannibal asked softly.

"No. I regretted it the moment I did it," he explained. "I'm glad you stopped me."

"Losing you would have been and would still be something I don't know how I could deal with," Hannibal explained. "You are important to me. I want you to be safe and happy. I don't get scared but that day when I found you, I was terrified."

"I'm sorry," Will whispered.

"No, don't be. You're safe now and that's what's important."

"I'm happy it was you…"

"What do you mean?"

"The one who won the tournament and went to the prison to retrieve someone. I'm glad it was you and I'm glad you chose me."

"I'm glad I found you when I did," Hannibal whispered gently as he turned his head and pressed a kiss to Will's forehead.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment before Will shyly asked if he could do it to. Hannibal chuckled as he nodded, and Will pushed himself up to press his lips on Hannibal's forehead. It could barely be considered a kiss, but the intention was there. With newfound confidence Will moved down to press a kiss on Hannibal's cheek and waited a moment for the older man to react. Hannibal raised a hand and cupped Will's cheek with his hand. He let his thumb caress the skin with a small smile. Following his eyes Will realized Hannibal was staring at his lips and licked his lips subconsciously. He didn't really know what he was feeling but in this very moment he knew that no one except them existed. He felt Hannibal bring him closer and closed his eyes as he felt lips being pressed against his own. He exhaled through his nose before pushing against Hannibal as he held him close. The doctor pulled away slightly and Will let out an annoyed noise. It felt good. Why did he pull away? He looked at him with a questioning look.

"Was that your first kiss?" Hannibal asked in a whisper.

Will nodded slowly suddenly ashamed of his lack of experience. Hannibal seemed to understand something before nodding to himself.

“Can we do that again?” Will asked shyly.

“Try to do the same thing I do,” Hannibal said. “Just follow my lead.”

Will nodded and smiled as their lips met once again. He focused on what Hannibal was doing. Moving slowly, he tried to do the same. Alright never mind the first kiss that one was amazing. He suddenly felt something brush against his lower lip and pulled back quickly. He hadn’t expected that.

“Sorry, I got carried away,” Hannibal explained.

“It- it’s okay. Again,” Will said as he took the initiative and pressed against Hannibal.

“You’re adorable,” Hannibal whispered before kissing him again.

Will realized quickly enough that he didn’t know what to do with his hands and held onto Hannibal’s shirt gently. He felt a hand brushing his hair and a moaned escaped his mouth. He opened his mouth to speak and felt Hannibal lick his lip again. He let it happen this time and melted in his arms as he tried to do the same. Hannibal was the one to pull away when the need to breathe made itself known. They stayed comfortably inside their little bubble and Will smiled as he let his head rest on Hannibal.

“I liked that,” he said not really knowing what to say in a situation like this and Hannibal chuckled again.

“Me too.”

Chapter End Notes

I always seem to write Will as being afraid to cross over and become a killer but it is fun to just let him discover that he likes it and wants to kill everything.

Also completely unrelated but oh well! I started watching House and I can't stop. Just finished season 1 and now I want to find a Hannibal doctor AU... Anyone has recommendations? I also want to finish the other seasons quickly because I want to read fanfictions about it but I don't want spoilers... Anyway have a good day!

A Visit to the Village

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal slowly woke up to the feeling of his beloved pressing his lips against his own and smiled softly as he let his eyes focus.

“Good morning, my love,” he whispered before bringing a hand to caress Will’s curly locks.

The smile he received was a bright and wide one. Hannibal watched as Will’s face turned a dark shade of red then realized what was happening. My love. The affectionate name had came out of him subconsciously, but the younger man didn’t seen to mind too much. He looked radiant. Hannibal pushed one curl behind Will’s ear before cupping his jaw and bringing him in for another kiss. He felt the brunette melt into his embrace and wished the moment would never end. The last time he had felt this warm and good had been so long ago that he had almost forgotten the feeling. If he had to put a name to this emotion it would probably have to be love, but it didn’t feel that simple. The feeling couldn’t be describe in words.

Hannibal held him in his arms tightly. The first moment he had lay eyes on him, he had felt this attraction towards him. He was different in every way. Before him when an attraction had occurred, it was met with violence and destruction. He couldn’t let himself be weaken by such useless emotions. He did his best to either forget about this person or get rid of them. With Will, the moment he saw him he saw potential. Hannibal had long for someone that could truly see him and understand him. He wasn’t like the northerners. Sure, he killed and took trophies, but he honored his victims and made them better. Now, if he had not found Will and had taken another prisoner home he wondered if he would have felt the same. He wondered for a moment if what he was longing for wasn’t simply partnership to cure his loneliness instead. Will had seem like a gift. Hannibal had closed his eyes for a moment to regain his composure the first time he looked at him. He looked strong and capable. Hannibal couldn’t help but sense a quiet violence in him and he remembered seeing a potential equal in Will. The younger man’s inner desires would have to be brought to the front one day and Hannibal had the feeling he could help. Will was his chance to fill this void in his life. He couldn’t leave him there to die and he couldn’t let the city destroy him either. He remembered thinking at that moment that Will would be protected and safe with him until he would be ready for his becoming. Now as Hannibal held him and caressed his side on top of the bandages, he realized that he hadn’t had to do anything. Will had come to him with his own plans of vengeance after seeing what Hannibal truly was. With a certain sadness in his eyes, Hannibal had realized that Will was becoming his only weakness and that he would do anything for the young man.

The doctor organized his thoughts as he let his eyes close slowly. Will nuzzled into him for a moment before mumbling something. Hannibal pushed him away slightly while keeping him close.

“What was that?” he asked.

“I want to find some of my people soon. I want to warn them before Jack goes after them…” Will whispered.

“We can start this evening if you wish. When the moon will be high in the sky we’ll go,” Hannibal explained. “But before I need to change your bandages and we need to go get food.”

XxX

They took a horse and slowly made their way to Will’s village as the sun started to set. Hannibal made a mental note to teach Will how to ride a horse so he could travel wherever he wanted in the future, but for now he was glad to have him by his side. They arrived with the moon, stepped down their horse and tied the animal to a tree just on the outskirt of the village before walking in. Will walked in front and Hannibal took the time to observe him. He looked confident and determined as he looked around in alleys and empty corners. Hannibal silently followed him without asking any questions. He trusted that Will knew exactly what he was doing. He felt pain in his chest when Will turned with a defeated look on his face.

“No one’s here… The police probably already found them… I’m too late,” he whispered weakly.

“We’ll try another day, maybe they are just hiding.”

“I know where they hide… I was doing it for years. They aren’t here.”

“How about we try another day then?” Hannibal asked. “Certainly, we will find someone sooner or later.”

Will stared at the ground looking completely lost and Hannibal moved closer to wrap his arms around him.

“We’ll find them, Will. We’ll find them and they will be safe. I promise.”

“Who are you exactly?” suddenly a voice made itself known through the darkness.

Will pulled away quickly his eyes wide open as he stared into the dark. “My name’s Will. That’s Hannibal,” he said in a whisper. There wasn’t any answer and Hannibal saw Will take a small step forward. “I was brought to the prison before. We’re trying to warn people. Make sure if someone get spotted, they know what to do.”

“You’ve been there?” the voice asked slightly louder.

“Yes, what’s your name?”

“How do I know you’re not just going to help them find me?” the soft voice asked.

“I want to help my people,” Will started before Hannibal took over.

“We can offer you shelter. We have a free room in our house, you’ll have food and everything you need until you can get back on your feet,” Hannibal proposed.

He watched Will as the younger man looked at him with a wide smile and hopeful eyes.

“I’m not sure I can trust you but what do I have to lose,” the voice said. “My name’s Beverly by the way.”

“You can trust us, I promise!” Will said happily. “This is only the beginning.”

“Bev, no!” another voice whispered loudly followed by another quiet one. “Jimmy don’t-”

“You guys are idiots; you were supposed to stay hidden…” Beverly said as she turned around.

“We’re not going to stay hidden when you’re just abandoning us the first chance you get!” Jimmy replied.

“I wasn’t abandoning you. I would have come back when it was safe… They offered food. Jimmy, we haven’t eaten in what three days?”

“Four and a half…”

“This is so bad,” the third one said.

“You can trust us! We want to help you. We have enough room for the three of you, please. We will give you food. You’ll be safe,” Will said as he moved closer.

Hannibal raised a hand to grab Will’s arm but stopped himself halfway through the motion. Will knew what he was doing, he could read those people like open books. He knew not to get too close if it was dangerous.

“C’mon guys…” Beverly said.

It took a long minute, but finally the trio stepped out of the dark and revealed their faces. Hannibal watched as Will took a long look at each of them before looking back at Hannibal.

“We have enough place at home… right?”

“Of course, we don’t have enough place on the horse however,” Hannibal said. “If you wouldn’t mind walking alongside us?”

“We don’t,” Beverly said.

“Bev…” the third unnamed one said in a disappointed tone.

“Just trust me on this… Gut feeling.”

The other two sighed almost as the same time before following Will and Hannibal back to the horse. Hannibal got on and motion for Will to climb up, but the young man refused saying he preferred to stay with the other three on the ground. Hannibal thought of his injuries but pushed his worry aside for the moment. The trio would probably feel safer with Will with them.

“What’s your name?” Will asked after a moment of silence as he looked at the last one of the group.

He didn’t answer for a moment before Jimmy took over and pointed at him with his thumb. “We call him Zeller.”

Zeller seemed uncomfortable but Will was impressed how easily Jimmy seemed to relax as they walked back to their house.

“Can I ask you something?” Beverly then asked as she looked at Will who nodded. “It is Graham?”

Hannibal saw Will visibly tensed and nearly jumped in, but Will was quicker and nodded slowly. “Yeah… it is.”

“Your grand-parents were part of the city police before they got kicked out and brought to the prison,” she said.

“Yes…”

“I’ve heard stories about your parents,” she started.

“Yeah, um… later, okay?” Will said before moving closer to the horse as he walked.

Hannibal wondered if Will didn’t want to talk because of him and it made his heart break slightly at the thought. He wanted Will to trust him, but he needed to understand how difficult that was for him. Even as they were growing closer. Will still needed to have his defense. That’s just how it would be.

XxX

At home, the trio were brought to the guest room which was where Hannibal had brought a few clothes for them to try on while he washed their old ones. He also cooked a big meal to serve to everyone and gave the trio each a plate that they brought to their new room. Hannibal couldn’t help but feel annoyed by their behavior, but Will had quickly explained that their mentality was similar to his before Hannibal had arrived in his life. If you have a family, you fight with them if you don’t you fight for yourself. Everything you do day and night is to protect yourself or your loved ones. Will walked up to their room and said goodnight before making his way to Hannibal’s room. Since the kiss, Will had moved his things to Hannibal’s room where they shared a bed. They had found out that it helped Will sleep and Hannibal was glad he could have an eye on him at all times. Like all the other days prior Will climbed into bed and nuzzled into Hannibal’s arms.

“Thank you for giving them a place to stay,” Will whispered.

“Don’t worry about that. It won’t be a permanent solution, but I should be able to find them a place to stay if I can get in touch with the right people. It might take a while,” Hannibal replied as he pressed a kiss to Will’s forehead.

“We’ll find something. Right now, I’m just glad I found a few people.”

“They talked about your family…”

“Yeah… I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Is it because you don’t trust me with this information?”

“No! No, it’s not that… it just… it hurts to talk about it,” Will explained as he raised his head slightly to look into Hannibal’s eyes.

The doctor nodded slowly before pressing his lips to Will’s in a slow kiss. With a smile, Will dropped his head in the space between Hannibal’s neck and shoulder and sighed as he closed his eyes and let sleep take over him. Hannibal felt a peaceful warmth travel in his chest as he watched Will fall asleep with a smile on his face. The young man deserved all the happiness in the world and Hannibal would fight his hardest to give it to him.

Chapter End Notes

I have never written Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian in any of my stories before so this is new to me. I hope they aren't too weird. Of course they are not fully trusting right now so I'll take that as an excuse.

I've also started writing part 3 and I know what I want to do with it, but I don't know how to get there. I know what point B is but I can't figure out point A and it's so frustrating. It also doesn't help that I want to include almost every major characters in part 3 I guess.

A Lesson in Trust

As morning came, Will walked to the guest room, and knocked softly on the door. He waited a moment before the door opened revealing Beverly. A warm smile appeared on his lips as he told the trio good morning.

“Did you sleep alright?” Will asked as the four of them made their way to the living room.

“Actually yeah, thanks,” Beverly replied with a small smile.

Will pulled up a chair and let the trio sit together on the couch. He watched as they observed the room with interest. From what he could read, Beverly seemed to have become some sort of leader to the other two. Perhaps because of her brave attitude. She had been the one to step out of the shadows while the other two had stayed hidden. Jimmy looked a bit older than the others, but Will had notice how easily he grew to trust someone new. He probably didn’t have a lot of experience being on the streets alone. Zeller seemed shyer but Will wondered if that was only a one-time thing for the situation. He didn’t seem like the more serious of the group judging by how he whispered jokes to Jimmy who was trying not to laugh. Beverly was smiling as she looked at the two. Will couldn’t help but wonder what their story was. They were obviously not related so they had to meet up somewhere and form a group. He wanted to know how that happened. When he was on the streets, he had his family and that was it. He never was able to find friends or even when he found other people, they quickly got away from him. Will realized suddenly that he desperately wanted friends and that he would try his best to get just that.

“When did you guys meet?” Will decided to ask. He wanted to be included in the conversation and that was the only thing he could think of saying to maybe achieve that.

“Zeller and I are childhood friends, and we found Bev a few years ago so we decided to adopt her,” Jimmy said with a smile.

“Yeah, right. You would not survive two days without me,” Beverly replied as she rolled her eyes. “Those two were starving when I found them. I had a few portions left so I shared and decided to stay. We’re stronger together.”

“Can I ask you something, um… what’s your name again?” Zeller asked as he looked at Will with a frown.

“Will.”

“Right, well Will. How did you escape?”

“I um… I didn’t, Hannibal won the tournament and chose me,” he explained as he fidgeted with his fingers.

“Right, and now what? You want to gather the homeless together for a party? Call the police afterward and get yourself a few gold pieces?”

“Brian…” Jimmy whispered at the same time as Beverly did.

“What? We don’t know his intentions. You guys are trusting him way too easily… We got food and shelter, great but for how long, huh? How long before *you* decide to switch side?” he continued slightly louder.

“That happened to you before,” Will stated. “It wasn’t always you and Jimmy, you had other people with you. Both families maybe. Big families. They were caring and made sure you didn’t get in trouble until they couldn’t. Your parents sold your siblings, and you ran before you were next…”

The room became silent, and Will started shaking. That was not how he would make friends with them. He shouldn’t have said that. He had ruined everything. His breathing quickened as he tried to speak and take it all back. The voice in his head screamed at him to apologize to think of something to say but nothing came out. He was lost so he curled up on himself and looked down.

“How did you know that?” Zeller asked after a moment that lasted way too long in Will’s mind.

“I’m sorry… it just… I can’t turn it off. I-I just notice things and… I shouldn’t have said that. I’m sorry… please forgive me,” Will whispered, his voice shaking.

“It’s alright… You can calm down,” he replied softer.

Will tried his best to regulate his breathing but he couldn’t stop shaking and it was just getting worst. He winced as the still healing wound on his side started throbbing. Everything hurt and he didn’t know how to make it stop. That’s when he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was as if time had stop. He looked up and stared into Beverly’s dark eyes.

“Breath with me,” she said, “in… and out. Good, again.”

He followed her breathing until his heart had stop racing and gave a long breath out as he wrapped his arms around himself.

“You back with us?” she asked softly, her hand still on his shoulder.

Will nodded slowly. “I’m here.”

“Good,” she replied as she backed away. “That was impressive.”

“You think so?” Will asked with a frown. “It pushes people away normally.”

“I can see why,” she said with a slight laugh.

“I’m sorry, Zeller…” Will whispered as he looked down trying to make himself smaller.

“It’s fine. You’re right. I’m guessing that you can understand why I don’t want to trust people too quickly now.”

“Of course, and you shouldn’t. You’re right, I just met you guys yesterday, I didn’t earn your trust yet.”

“You just did,” Zeller said with a small smile. “Brian Zeller,” he then said. “That’s my full name.”

“Thank you,” Will said with a smile.

“Price’s my family name,” Jimmy added.

“Katz,” Beverly continued.

Will smiled widely as he nodded. “As for my intentions. I know that freeing everyone is nearly impossible, so I want to warn everyone instead. The prison is escape proof, and the guards ruthless. They do not tell you the rules of the prison when you get there but if you fail one rule, you’re dead.”

“You had someone in your family be chosen?” Jimmy asked.

Will nodded slowly. “That’s how I know… that’s how I survived the half a year I was there.”

“From what I’ve heard being chosen is not supposed to be good,” Brian said.

“It’s normally not… Hannibal’s different.”

“Guess sleeping with him keeps him docile enough,” Beverly said as she crossed her arms.

“What?”

“He’s from the north. You must be good in bed to keep him from killing everyone,” she laughed.

“I- I don’t… No. Don’t say that,” he said firmly.

“Oh hey, I just joking… It’s alright.”

“No… it’s not alright. He’s different, okay? He’s not like them!”

“Whoa, Will it’s okay. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that,” Beverly said with a frown as she watched Will curl up again.

“He’s not like them… he cares-”

“I’m sure he does, listen I shouldn’t have insinuated anything but please, calm down,” she said as she moved to put a hand on his shoulder again.

“No! Don’t touch me! Please…” he said loudly as he threw himself on the floor and crawled to a corner. “I beg you… please don’t hurt me.”

“I won’t hurt you,” Beverly said as she stood up. “Will, you’re safe.”

Will closed his eyes as he curled in on himself. All he could see was the faces of the northerners again and they wouldn't leave him alone. He could feel their hands on him again and his side burned painfully as he clutched the bandages.

"Go get Hannibal quick!" he heard someone say but he couldn't figure out who it was. The room was spinning around him, and he felt like he was going to throw up. Tears rolled down his face rapidly as his whole body shook. Everything was hurting and he shook his head trying to get rid of the images tormenting his mind.

"Will!" he heard a familiar voice said close to his ears. "Will, my love come back to me."

Hannibal. Hannibal had found him, he was safe. Will opened his eyes to look up and threw his arms around Hannibal's shoulders. Strong arms circled around him, and he hid his face into Hannibal's shirt. He took a deep breath and inhale the doctor's scent. It calmed him down. He stayed in Hannibal's arms a few minutes as the older man caressed his back and his hair. He was safe.

"There you go, that's it Will," he heard in his ear before feeling a soft kiss on his forehead.

He finally pulled away to look up at Hannibal and gave him a soft kiss before taking a deep breath and looking around him. He saw the trio around them and looked to the side ashamed.

"Sorry about that," he whispered.

"No, it's my fault I shouldn't have joked," Beverly said. "I'll be more careful."

"Are you alright, though?" Brian asked.

"Yes, I'll be fine," Will said before standing up with Hannibal.

"I just finished making breakfast if everyone's hungry. Think you can eat a little bit?" Hannibal asked as he cupped Will cheek in his hand.

"Yeah, I'm good now," he said as he tried to give a smile.

Hannibal nodded before bringing everyone to the kitchen where Jimmy and Zeller sat one next to the other and Beverly brought her chair next to Will, so they were both facing Hannibal. Will gave a smile before digging into his plate. He stabbed a piece of sausage with his fork and let his mind imagined Hannibal stabbing the council members one after the other. He wanted to be there when it would happen. However, Will would have his own kills right before that and Hannibal would watch as he became what he was meant to be and as justice was finally served. He couldn't wait.

Preparing for the End

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His beloved was still hurting because of his people and Hannibal had to fight to control his want for revenge. He knew Will's becoming was more important right now than the council and Frederick Chilton, but he still took pleasure in imagining their faces as he cut into them. They would suffer for what they did, of that Hannibal was certain. But for now, he needed to figure out where to let the new trio stay before discussing a plan with Will. He walked into town one morning to talk to the locals and try to get information on houses for rent. He asked a lot of people before even finding one and quickly went to look at the location. He didn't even stood foot in it before letting that one go. It looked disgusting. He would need to try again at a later date. Coming back home he decided to ask the group if moving them to another village would be an option. Hannibal also proposed that he would pay until they could find a job and pay for themselves. They happily accepted and two weeks later they had finally found a place for them to move into. They were in the next village which was about thirty minutes on horse back and Will and Hannibal had helped put everything they needed inside their new home. They had agreed that once every week, Hannibal would bring bags of essentials items as they needed and start from there. Watching Will smile as he promised to visit a lot was warming Hannibal's heart and he didn't want it to end.

Their first night alone Will was exhausted for helping the group move out. He also looked sullen, and Hannibal could only guess it was from missing his new friends. He tried cheering him up with a good meal and it worked slightly but when the sun had set Will walked right into his arms and hid his face in his chest. Hannibal held him through the night and whispered sweet words into his curls as he kissed the top of his head.

"Thank you by the way," Will whispered when they woke up the next morning.

"No problem and you don't need to worry you will see them again very soon," Hannibal replied with a smile.

XxX

The annual tournament was still a good few months away but Will had already started wondering how it actually worked. How did people registered and how did the city actually declared a winner? Hannibal had been through the process and Will thought of asking him, but he was hesitating. He needed a way to get into the prison without bringing too much attention to himself and he was quickly running out of idea on how to do that. The last idea he had was to win the tournament, but he didn't even know how to get in… The guards also knew his face at the prison, and he didn't know if they would try to sabotage his plans if he even made it up there.

"What are you thinking about, love?" Hannibal asked as he sat down on the couch next to Will with a glass of wine in one hand and offered the one he had in the other.

Will took it and sipped the wine slowly as he leaned back and rested his head on the back of the couch.

“I want to ask you something, but I can’t gauge your reaction…” he explained between sips.

“Are you thinking about how to get your revenge?” Hannibal asked then continued in a softer voice. “I know I’ve been thinking about it. I can’t wait to see you in action.”

“Well, actually… I’m thinking that the only way to get into the prison without making a big mess would be to win the competition this year,” Will said then took a long sip of his wine.

“You would need to train a lot to achieve this this year,” Hannibal replied. “It is not easy to win.”

“How do you win?”

“There are a number of skills tested that the competitors need to perform and be the best in order to even be in the finals. The finals are physical fights with the last competitors. It’s barbaric really,” Hannibal said with a sigh.

“What skills would I need?” Will asked.

“It changes. They should reveal soon what the skills will be this year. I can keep an eye out.”

Will nodded slowly lost in thoughts. Could he learn new skills this quickly? He didn’t really want to think of the physical fights at the end if he managed to get there.

“How long does it last for?”

“The qualification rounds last a week. The final only stops when only one is standing.”

“What is allowed?”

“Your body and whatever is in the field,” Hannibal said as he slowly drank his wine.

“Right… then I better start training,” Will sighed.

“Indeed…”

XxX

Hannibal was internally panicking. How did he not realized that for Will to get access to the prison he would need to compete in the tournament? This was beyond bad. Looking down at the healing scars on his wrist and leg he sighed. The last man he was fighting against had gotten a few hits on him during the final, but the fight was relatively easy. M. Budge hadn’t been that much of an adversary, but Hannibal was used to fighting. Will wasn’t.

Hannibal had being informed of the skills that would be tested during the competition that year a bit later then everyone else due to how far he was from the city, but he hadn’t been too worried at the time. The first skill he was told was a recurring one: swordsmanship and he

already had plenty of practice. He simply waited for intruders to run into his city and took that excuse to practice some more. For the second skill being tested he had been given a few plants and had been asked to identify them and prepare certain medicine without being given any instruction. His doctor background made him almost rolled his eyes at the basic task. The third skill had been hunting which had been quite interesting. His goal had been to bring back the biggest animal. It had been a close call with another competitor, but he had won in the end. The last skill was the one he was most excited for as they were testing culinary skills. Hannibal very well knew that the qualification rounds were simple entertainment for the general public. The only skill that was truly valued was their ability to fight and survive. During the final, the few winners of the other rounds were placed inside an arena and striped of everything that could help them. Strings, rocks, or sticks were placed within their cage and they were let loose. The thing that was making him panic was the fact that it wasn't simply a battle of who could last the longest. There was no time frame for the final round. It would go on until only was person was still breathing. The winner was the one able to kill all the others. Only when the rest had lost their live that the winner was declared and asked if he or she wanted to have a trip to the castle. There was so much at stake here that Hannibal needed to be completely sure Will would survive. His competition had being a joke. The other competitors had being useless pigs and it had been extremely easy, but he knew that the families in the competition that year had sent their weaklings. This year would be brutal. So, Hannibal had every reason to panic.

He waited a couple of weeks before the announcements were made and sat down with the pamphlet with Will. He went over every detail of the competitions and saw fear in the younger man eyes as he explained the reality of the final round. Unfortunately, they both knew it was the only way in.

"Once I get inside the prison, how does it work?" Will asked as they reviewed the plan once again.

"The guards will go outside; you will see every single one of them there. They will great you and you will follow two of them. Two will follow behind you and the three will go retrieve the prisoners. Before you get near the prisoners you will need to get rid of the ones behind you then the ones in front quickly. You can't let them scream. After that you will go to the prisoners where you will see the three guards standing up there waiting. That's your only chance. If they ring the alarm and you haven't finished with them, you are dead. You need the element of surprise to finish the two guards waiting by the bridge. They will come in once the alarm has been rung. You will need to ring it after warning the prisoners. After that you will need to take down the two guards and then you'll know you won. From the information I've gather the city doesn't talk to the prison guards so no one should know they are gone for a long while," Hannibal explained.

Will nodded as he took a deep breath.

"We can skip this year, Will."

"No… how many months do we have to prepare?"

"Six."

“Good. Then we better start.”

Hannibal could only nod as he witnesses a new determination glowing inside Will’s ocean blue eyes. He gave another look at the pamphlet. The skill tested this time would be: craftmanship, archery, fishing, and swordsmanship. None of which Will knew anything about.

The registrations were taking place in a week and once you were registered there was no taking your name out.

A week past and Will proudly walked to the stand to register his name. They gave him a list of his competitors and he handed it over to Hannibal.

1. Brown
2. Dolarhyde
3. Gideon
4. Graham
5. Hobbs
6. Pimms
7. Tier
8. Verger

He had heard the families talk about them and recognized a few names in the list. The competition would be a bloodshed and Hannibal felt his heart clench.

Chapter End Notes

I'm having a lot of difficulties writing the start of part 3 so it'll be a while before I can get a few chapters in.

Also, side rant, I was looking through characters to include in the tournament and I now realize that almost all the killers in Hannibal are men. I tried to find women to put in the competition, but a lot of them just didn’t make sense or I have other plans for their character… So it’s going to be a testosterone filled tournament. Also trying to write all the characters in one story is certainly a challenge for me. I’ve gotten a bit used to Hannibal and Will’s characters, but the rest of them are hard to figure out. People are so hard to write right how do script writers do it?

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